



Don't Forget to Breathe



156 5 21

Chapter 1 by Samantha

Do you ever have those moments where you just forget who you are?

The things that make you unique; traits and collages of emotions that have always branded you as yourself. It's when you start to lose your innermost self you get caught up in the grand scheme of things. What if one day you woke up and everything had changed. What if you woke up and you didn't know who you were?

That happened to me.

Chapter 2 by Emo



It is dark. Incredibly dark and freezing. The floor is wet, covered in... snow? It never snows here, and it's the middle of Spring! What time is it? I find myself reaching in my pocket for my phone. But it isn't there. Maybe I left in the car. Where did I park the car? I search my pockets again, thoroughly this time, turning each one carefully inside out. They all come up empty. Okay so I don't know where I am and I don't have my keys, ID, or any money on me.

I pick myself off of the ground and dust the powdery snow of my jacket. I can barely feel my hands and I think my toes might just fall off. Focusing more on my surroundings, I notice that I'm in the middle of some type of park. About ten feet off there is a sign that says, "Closed 11 AM to 6 AM." The whole park is sectioned off by a small fence. It seems that this park is connected to this huge apartment building. Funny, it looks kind of like my old apartment building in New York. That can't be because I don't live there any more, I haven't in years, I live in...

Okay I don't remember where exactly I live right now. That must have been some type of wild night I just had. Except I don't have a hangover, and am I even old enough to be drinking? It

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my only option. I just hope that my face isn't plastered on the news tomorrow. I let my mind wander as I jog down the street. I find that there is not much to think about. My memories are like Swiss cheese. The more I think, the more holes I find. I don't know what my name is. I'm not exactly sure where I'm from or how old I am. I find that it would be easier to list the things that I do know. I know that I'm old enough to drive, I used to live here, and I know enough to give a name to what I'm experiencing. Amnesia. Surprisingly, I don't find this alarming. Figuring things out is not high priority right now. First, I have to get out of the cold and as far away from here as possible.

Chapter 3 by Annie Leigh (GONE...)



As I continue my way down the streets of Manhattan, I realize something. Where is everyone? I know it's night, well I'm guessing it is, but there should still be a few people around, right? I look up at the concrete buildings. They all look empty. No lights shining through the windows. I turn left at an intersection, and stop swiftly as my eyes notice something strange. Something that validates my theory.

On the road, cars are lined up. Just as if the drivers had stopped the engines, and gotten out, leaving the headlights on and the doors open.

I walk slowly, inspecting each car.

Keys are still left in keyholes, and music is still on in some, adding some spookiness to the situation.

"Hello?" I yell. My voice echoes down the street, but I get no answer. Further down, I notice something. A lump on the ground. As I focus, I can see what appears to be a body. I cover my mouth with my hands, and I feel my stomach turn. I decide to approach the cadavre.

Once I'm only a few feet away, I get a good look at the body.

It's a girl, maybe about nine or ten. She had red long hair, freckles, and she is very thin. Almost anorexic.

Her eyes are open, staring off into the distance.

I kneel beside her, and gently close her eyelids. All of a sudden an alarm startles me. I jump up and search for the provenance of the sound. It seems to be coming from everywhere around

me.
After a few seconds, it finally stops.
I sigh and look once more back at the girl, who is now dead.
She's smiling.

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I kneel back beside her, and search for her pulse. Nothing. I must not have noticed that. I get back up, and I head off. As I'm about to walk off, I feel observed.

I turn around. The girl is sitting up, staring strait ahead of her.

"Listen carefully, I will only announce the rules once. Run. Find the key. Live. Don't find the key, and you die. Find the key, and go back to your old life. One hint will be available for you, but only one. Each time you pass a level, memories will be restored. Good luck Jennifer".

As soon as this said, she fall back down, dead once again.

I stand, frozen. She was just dead? I didn't find her pulse...

What was all that key stuff supposed to mean? This is crazy.

And my name must be 'Jennifer'.

Chapter 4 by Anu



Yes at last i got a name for myself. I am Jennifer.

Now I have to search for a key for the unknown lock. What kind of key was that and what will it unlock ?. I thought hard nothing kicked in my head, so i started running away.

I ran as long and as far as I can. My legs pleaded me to stop, but I ran. Ran away from the haunting sound of the wind, silence of the roads, hopelessness of the world.

Was this all a nightmare ? No, I have to be completely crazy. I just kept running. I keep hearing the whispers from somewhere. They keep telling me "Dont forget to breathe". Who are they ?. And why do they whisper in my ears ?. All I know is I cant get any answers till I find the damn key for the mysterious lock.

Far from my sight, at the end of the street, near a building door, I found a gang of people. All they were saying was where is my key ? Are they like me ? Was it a comfort or discomfort to get near those people ? Yet. i didnt know whether they were still humans. Found them little wierd

wilted red shot eyes

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I went near the building for the key. I found a door. I opened it. I got the key. Dont forget to Breathe" and then he found me. I was back in the building. People started vanishing whenever I went nearby.

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All I Knew now was to get the key and keep breathing !!!...

Will I get the KEY for the Miracle lock ???..

Chapter 5 by ↔ Raven Beechwood ↔



Everywhere I went, someone would tell me something. I started to listen.

"Don't forget to breathe," a girl hissed at me, grinning, before collapsing to the floor and melting into the tiles.

I held my chest. The farther I got, the thicker the air seemed to become. It was like liquid flowing through my lungs, tasteless and warm. My vision bobbed with dizziness, but I heeded everyone's advice - I breathed.

There was an old man standing in the street. His grey beard hung below his hunched figure, and I could hear the clicking of his cane on the pavement. He waddled between a few cars that sat idling in the roadway, pausing to shove doors closed or push intrusive mirrors aside.

He looked up at me as I tipped against a blue SUV, heaving for oxygen. His brown eyes bored into me, and he grinned, mouth half full of rotting teeth.

"The harder it gets, the closer you are," he whispered, and promptly careened backward. His eyes rolled sickeningly back in his skull, and I watched in horror as his body deflated, sending up a small puff of steam.

And he was gone.

The harder it gets, the closer you are.

With newfound willpower flowing through my veins and a sparkle of hope in the distance, I shoved off the car and staggered forward, the air getting heavier and weighing down my lungs.

The harder it gets, the closer you are.

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